

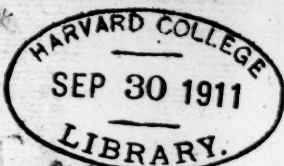
# THE NATIVES

## AN ANSWER TO THE FOREIGNERS.

*Note, That the Author has taken Care to follow the Method of the Foreigner as near as reasonably he could, by which Means this Poem wants the Coherence that otherwise it might have had. And the Reader may likewise observe, that every Line of this Poem is clos'd with the very same Word the Foreigner has made use of.*

L O N D O N:

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## The Natives.

**N**O wonder *Isra'l* is depriv'd of Rest,  
When under various *Factions* She's oppress'd ;  
Fools of all sorts those giddy Mortals crav'd,  
Whose stubborn Maxims *Isra'l's* State enslav'd :  
Their Deeds were wicked, and they Grace disown'd,  
Under which Weight unhappy *Isra'l* groan'd.  
With *Envy's* Eye the Best of **KINGS** they view,  
And ne'er content, seek always for a New,  
To rob us of our Houses, or our Lives,  
Ravish our Daughters, or debauch our Wives,  
These Men are apt : And for polluted Loves,  
As prone as Brutes that lurk in Woods and Groves.  
To a near Nation *Isra'l* had recourse,  
To mend the State, still made by *Factions* worse :  
From *Hebron* She a Royal **PRINCE** did bring,  
Unhappy made, by being *Isra'l's* King :  
From His True Line succeeding Kings did flow,  
That *Isra'l's* heavy *Toil* did undergo.  
To wiser Sons true Freedom still remains,  
But Brutes still fear, what they deserve, their Chains.  
At length their horrid Passion did arise,  
And by their Hands the Royal Martyr dies.

This

# The Foreigners.

**L**ONG time had *Israel* been diffus'd from Rest,  
 Long had they been by Tyrants sore oppress'd ;  
 Kings of all sorts they ignorantly crav'd,  
 And grew more stupid as they were enslav'd ;  
 Yet want of Grace they impiously disown'd,  
 And still like Slaves beneath the Burden groan'd :  
 With languid Eyes their Race of Kings they view,  
 The Bad too many, and the Good too few ;  
 Some rob'd their Houses, and destroy'd their Lives,  
 Ravish'd their Daughters, and Debauch'd their Wives ;  
 Prophan'd the Altars with polluted Loves,  
 And worship'd Idols in the Woods and Groves.

To Foreign Nations next they have recourse ;  
 Striving to mend, they made their State much worse.  
 They first from *Hebron* all their Plagues did bring,  
 Cramm'd in the Single Person of a King ;  
 From whose base Loins ten thousand Evils flow,  
 Which by Succession they must undergo.  
 Yet sense of Native Freedom still remains,  
 They fret and grumble underneath their Chains ;  
 Incens'd, enrag'd, their Passion do's arise,  
 Till at his Palace-Gate their Monarch dies.

This



This hellish Act was by those Rebels done,  
 Who, not content, did then Exile His \* Son:  
 But in the Suffring of that Wanderer,  
 Thou, *Israel*, know'st how much Thy self did share:

[\* c. II.]

At last, when found'ring on their Native Shelves,  
 And justly fearful to intrust Themselves,  
 To the Right Heir *Israelites* did resort,  
 And found a PRINCE their Country to support  
 One whose Brave Actions, were they justly told,  
 Might stile him Wife, and generously Bold,  
 Skilful in War, Undaunted still in Fight,  
 Commanding Hosts, which Armies put to flight:  
 One, when he from the Toil of War did cease,  
 Could Govern any State, but *This*, in Peace,  
 Him they approv'd, when usher'd to their fight,  
 Deserv'dly both God and Man's Delight.  
 Welcom'd He was unto the longing Land,  
 And *Jewry's* People cover'd all the Strand.  
 With joyful Hearts He was receiv'd on Shore,  
 Such who of God this Blessing did implore.

The Sanhedrim conven'd, took in debate  
 The past Condition of the sinking State;  
 And Church it self, just ready now to drown,  
 They, to preserve it, did the Hero Crown.

Ah



## *The Foreigners.*

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This Glorious Feat was by the Fathers done,  
Whose Children next depos'd his Tyrant Son,  
Made him, like *Cain*, a murd'rous Wanderer,  
Both of his Crimes, and of his Fortunes share.

But still resolv'd to split on Foreign Shelves,  
Rather than venture once to trust Themselves,  
To Foreign Courts and Councils do resort,  
To find a King their Freedoms to support:  
Of one for mighty Actions fam'd they're told,  
Profoundly wise, and desperately bold,  
Skilful in War, Successful still in Fight,  
Had vanquish'd Hosts, and Armies put to flight;  
And when the Storms of War and Battels cease,  
Knew well to steer the Ship of State in Peace.  
Him they approve, approaching to their sight,  
Lov'd by the Gods, of Mankind the Delight.  
The numerous Tribes resort to see him land,  
Cover the Beach, and blacken all the Strand;  
With loud Huzza's they welcome him on shore,  
And for their Blessing do the Gods implore.

The Sanhedrim conven'd, at length debate  
The sad Condition of their drooping State,  
And Sinking Church, just ready now to drown;  
And with one Shout they do the Hero crown.

Ah, happy *Israel*! had there never come  
 Into His Court Seditious Knaves at home,  
 No Evils could have rose from foreign Brood;  
 For *Israel*'s Sons were Foes to *Israel*'s Good.  
 'Twas they who introduc'd intestine Jars,  
 And pilfer'd what should have maintain'd our Wars;  
*Isra*'l's People were to themselves a Prey,  
 Miss'd their King, and turn'd their Hearts away:  
 The Common Interest thus they did divide,  
 And cramp'd the State with Treachery and Pride:  
 They, Viper-like, impoisoned the Land,  
 And would have had all *Israel* at Command.  
 Should it be found that foreign Inmates spoil,  
 It's what they're taught by Natives of the Soil.  
 Unto our Monarch there are Honours due,  
 To envy Strangers none but we e'er do.  
 When foreign States to *Israelites* gave Food,  
 They neither Water drew, nor cut their Wood.  
 What mushroom Honours does our Soil afford?  
 Who was the Beggar that is now a Lord?  
 Most *Jewish* Nobles gen'rous Souls do wear,  
 And Free-born Commons no Affronts will bear;  
 But may Historians the true Story tell,  
 Of thy Base Sons, unhappy *Israel*!  
 And now, my Muse, be Generous and Brave,  
 The Nation's Crimes from dark Oblivion save,

## *The Foreigners.*

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Ah Happy *Israel* ! had there never come  
Into his Councils crafty Knaves at home,  
In combination with a Foreign Brood,  
Sworn Foes to *Israel*'s Rights and *Israel*'s Good ;  
Who impiously foment Intestine Jars,  
Exhaust our Treasure, and prolong our Wars ;  
Make *Israel*'s People to themselves a Prey,  
Mislead their King, and steal his Heart away :  
United Interests thus they do divide,  
The State declines by Avarice and Pride ;  
Like Beasts of Prey they ravage all the Land,  
Acquire Preferments, and usurp Command :  
The Foreign Inmates the Housekeepers spoil,  
And drain the Moisture of our fruitful Soil.  
If to our Monarch there are Honours due,  
Yet what with *Gibeonites* have we to do ?  
When Foreign States employ 'em for their Food,  
To draw their Water, and to hew their Wood.  
What Mushroom Honours does our Soil afford !  
One day a Begger, and the next a Lord.  
What dastard Souls do *Jewish* Nobles wear !  
The Commons such Affronts would never bear.  
Let no Historian the sad Stories tell  
Of thy base Sons, Oh servile *Israel* !  
But thou, my Muse, more generous and brave,  
Shalt their black Crimes from dark oblivion save ;

To



To future Ages thou shalt now disclose,  
 That *Isra'l's* Sons are worst of *Isra'l's* Foes.  
 That Country which lies East from *Judah's* Shoar,  
 Hears blustering Winds, and swelling Billows roar;  
 A Land it is, not like to other Soils,  
 But gain'd from Sea, and well secur'd with Piles.  
 No need of Quarries to secure the Ground,  
 For Art has ev'ry where a Rampart found.  
 The People's Industry, and share of Grace,  
 Does far transcend great part of *Jewish* Race;  
 And what from *Neptune's* Element they've drawn,  
 Shews they're deriv'd from something else than Spawn.  
 To us they leave our darling dainty Meat,  
 While they grow Rich, and Rusk with Beef they eat;  
 Such Food with our nice Stomachs ne'er agrees,  
 First being pamper'd, then we cram down Cheese.  
 No Supplications to false Gods They move,  
 Nor by Their Actions dare Almighty *Jove*.  
 Grant they the Briny Deities invoke,  
 That in their Marshes nimble Frogs do croak;  
 These Watry Gods look on amaz'd, and see  
 How they have labour'd to embrace their Sea.  
*Neptune*, who does that Element Command,  
 Oft takes a Survey of the happy Land;  
 And plac'd upon a Billow of the Sea,  
 With Pleasure does, what was his own, survey.

Not

## Foreigners.

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To future Ages shalt their Sins disclose,  
And brand with Infamy thy Nation's Foes.  
A Country lies, due East from *Judah's* Shoar,  
Where stormy Winds and noisy Billows roar ;  
A Land much differing from all other Soils,  
Forc'd from the Sea, and butterc's'd up with Piles.  
No Marble Quarrys bind the spongy Ground,  
But Loads of Sand and Cockle-shells are found :  
Its Natives, void of Honesty and Grace,  
A Boorish, rude, and an inhumane Race ;  
From Nature's Excrement their Life is drawn,  
Are born in Bogs, and nourish'd up from Spawn.  
Their hard-smoak'd Beef is their continual Meat,  
Which they with Rusk, their luscious Manna, eat ;  
Such Food with their chill Stomachs best agrees,  
They sing *Hosannah* to a Mare's-milk Cheese.  
To supplicate no God, their Lips will move,  
Who speaks in Thunder like Almighty *Jove*,  
But watry Deities they do invoke,  
Who from the Marshes most Divinely croak.  
Their Land, as if asham'd their Crimes to see,  
Dives down beneath the surface of the Sea.  
*Neptune*, the God who do's the Seas command,  
Ne'r stands on Tip-toe to descry their Land ;  
But seated on a Billow of the Sea,  
With Ease their humble Marshes do's survey.

Not these the People can our State molest,  
But inbred Quarrels do disturb our Rest.

*BENTIR*, among the Foreigners the First,

By none but *Isra'l's* Malecontents e'er curs'd;

Not made by his Great Master's Favours Proud,

Nor shunn'd by Rich, nor hated by the Croud;

True Faith this King he may justly boast,

A Virtue much 'mong *Jewish* People lost;

For which 'tis hard if not some Share he gains,

Of what was lost by *Jewish* People's Pains.

The Sanhedrim angry, did Grants resume,

And Men of *Jewry* also then did plume;

How do the *Gibeonites* our Land engross!

Don't *Jews* Themselves grow Rich by *Jewish* loss?

In foreign States they'd better seek Command,

And meet with Quiet in a grateful Land:

For *Isra'l's* Honour let it be decreed,

That *Jews* rend Birth-rights from the *Jewish* Seed.

Why may not *BENTIR* in the Head appear

Of Warriors, who do *Jewish* Ensigns bear?

You han't so many dextrous Men in War.

The Grandfirs to our Fathers oft mig't tell,

That by the Sword there many Thousands fell,

What Deeds, perhaps, had formerly been done,

What Battels fought, what mighty Honours won:

There

Could



## The Foreigners.

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These are the Vermin do our State molest;  
Eclipse our Glory, and disturb our Rest.

*BENTIR* in the Inglorious Roll the first,  
*Bentir* to this and future Ages curst,  
Of mean Descent, yet insolently Proud,  
Shun'd by the Great, and hated by the Crowd,  
Who neither Blood nor Parentage can boast,  
And what he got the Jewish Nation lost:  
By lavish Grants whole Provinces he gains,  
Made forfeit by the Jewish Peoples Pains;  
Till angry Sanhedrims such Grants resume,  
And from the Peacock take each borrow'd Plume.  
Why should the Gibeonites our Land engross,  
And aggrandise their Fortunes with our loss?  
Let them in foreign States proudly command,  
They have no Portion in the Promis'd Land,  
Which immemorially has been decreed  
To be the Birth-right of the Jewish Seed.  
How ill do's *Bentir* in the Head appear  
Of Warriours, who do Jewish-Ensigns bear?  
By such we're grown e'en Scandalous in War.  
Our Fathers Trophies wore, and oft could tell  
How by their Swords the mighty Thousands fell;  
What mighty Deeds our Grandfathers had done,  
What Battles fought, what Wreaths of Honours won!

Thro'

Could *Isra'l* e'er more justly boast of Fame,  
 Than now She can, under this Monarch's Name.  
 Grant our Forefathers wond'rous Hero's were,  
 That *Jewry* then on *Jewry* did make War;  
 That in those Broils they did improve their Skill,  
 That Sons the Fathers, they their Sons did kill;  
 Must now the same Experiments be made?  
 No; better use the Pick-ax and the Spade:  
 For tho' the Field Conquests we have wrought,  
 Let no more bloody Battels here be fought.

If Foreigners do take their share in War,  
 Why then in Council should they not appear?  
 Why should not *Isra'l* chuse to make him Great,  
 Who's always been a Friend unto the State?  
 Call up the Ancient Sages of Renown,  
 And *Magi's* too, fit to advise the Crown,  
 They'll not find us by Foreigners undone.  
 Unhappy *Isra'l*, who such Measures takes,  
 Plunge down your Factious Crew in Bogs and Lakes;  
 They do the Office of the basest Slaves,  
 And write the Language of some *Jewish* Knaves;  
 And tho' the State is wounded by their Throats,  
 Yet do their Words agree with *Jewish* Notes.  
 May their Intestine Jarrs themselves confound,  
 In *Jewry's* Land ne'er more, let's hear their Sound.

Such

Thro the extended Orb they purchas'd Fame;  
 The Nations trembling at their Awful Name :  
 Such wondrous Heroes our Fore-fathers were;  
 When we, base Souls ! but Pigmies are in War :  
 By Foreign Chieftains we improve in Skill ;  
 We learn how to intrench, not how to kill :  
 For all our Charge are good Proficients made  
 In using both the Pickax and the Spade.  
 But in what Field have we a Conquest wrought ?  
 In Ten Years War what Battel have we fought ?

If we a Foreign Slave may use in War,  
 Yet why in Council should that Slave appear ?  
 If we with *Jewish* Treasure make him great,  
 Must it be done to undermine the State ?  
 Where are the Antient Sages of Renown ?  
 No *Magi* left, fit to advise the Crown ?  
 Must we by Foreign Councils be undone ?  
 Unhappy *Israel*, who such Measures takes,  
 And seeks for Statesmen in the Bogs and Lakes ;  
 Who speak the Language of most abject Slaves,  
 Under the Conduct of our *Jewish* Knaves,  
 Our *Hebrew's* murder'd in their hoarser Throats ;  
 How ill their Tongues agree with *Jewish* Notes !  
 Their untun'd Prattle do's our Sense confound,  
 Which in our Princely Palaces do's found ;



Such Villanies were by the Serpent spoke,  
 When Mother *Eve* from him the Apple took :  
 Of Her and Them we well may be asham'd,  
 For by their Infidelity we're damn'd.

*Bentir*, content when he enjoy'd Command,  
 Ne'er parcell'd out the Men of *Jewry's* Land.  
 Did other Courts e'er challenge him with Pride ?  
 What foreign State could his *sole* Pow'r divide ?  
 Oh happy *Hiram* ! joyful be thy Song,  
 Since born to Empire, thou'lt be always Young :  
 Thou in thy Nonage need no Right transfer,  
 For living Youth wants no Executor.  
 What Pow'r need Land of *Jewry* e'er afford,  
 To make a Constant Faithful Servant Lord ?  
 Why should not *Merit* and *Reward* accord ?  
 The Rights of *Jewish* People are the same,  
 Nor differ they either in Place or Name ;  
 Mankind stand now as formerly they stood,  
 For *Noah* Reign'd after the mighty Flood.  
 Admit that *Hiram's* People have a Choice  
 To make a King by their united Voice,  
*Israel's* People a Monarch too may chuse ;  
 Yet *Malecontents* will still their Choice refuse,  
 That *Hiram's* People, let it ne'er be said,  
 Have Right to chuse a King when he is dead ;

When

## *The Foreigners.*

15

The self same Language the old Serpent spoke,  
When misbelieving *Eve* the Apple took :  
Of our first Mother why are we asham'd,  
When by the self-same Rhetorick we are damn'd ?

But *Bentir*, not content with such Command,  
To canton out the *Jewish* Nation's Land ;  
He does extend to other Coasts his Pride,  
And other Kingdoms into Parts divide :  
Unhappy *Hiram* ! dismal is thy Song ;  
Tho born to Empire, thou art ever young !  
Ever in Nonage, canst no Right transfer :  
But who made *Bentir* thy Executor ?  
What mighty Power do's *Israel*'s Land afford ?  
What Power has made the famous *Bentir* Lord ?  
The Peoples Voice, and *Sanhedrim*'s Accord. }  
Are not the Rights of People still the same ?  
Did they e'er differ in or Place or Name ?  
Have not Mankind on equal Terms still stood,  
Without Distinction, since the mighty Flood ?  
And have not *Hiram*'s Subjects a free Choice  
To choose a King by their united Voice ?  
If *Israel*'s People could a Monarch chuse,  
A living King at the same time refuse ;  
That *Hiram*'s People, shall it e'er be said,  
Have not the Right of Choice when he is dead ?

When

When a Successor to the Crown's in sight,  
 The Crown is surely that Successor's Right.  
 Kings are not Kings when Subjects they enthrall;  
*Isra'l* had better have no King at all:  
 But *NASSAV*, giv'n us for the Common Good,  
 Has always as our Guardian-Angel stood.  
 Thank then kind Heav'n, that, by its wiser Pow'r,  
 Gave us a King, who will not us devour:  
 If Him we love, secure we are our selves,  
 We shall not split on dang'rous Rocks or Shelves.

Consider then, Oh *Isra'l*, and beware  
 How you distrust your Royal Wanderer.  
 The Realms of Others Fortune may divide;  
 Your Constitution can't be set aside;  
 Think ye Heel o'er Himself in Triumph ride?  
 Wherefore support your Monarch and His Crown,  
 And pull all senseless, factious Insects down.

And now, my Muse, the Story next relate  
 Of Noble *KEPPECH*, who's no Chit of State:  
 To Honours rais'd, and by a Lawful Course;  
 Would *Isra'l* never had produc'd a worse!  
 Foreign his Birth, and Well-descended too;  
 May *He* and *Bentir* generous Acts still do;



When no Successor to the Crown's in sight,  
The Crown is certainly the People's Right.  
If Kings are made the People to enthral,  
We had much better have no King at all:  
But Kings, appointed for the Common Good,  
Always as Guardians to their People stood.  
And Heaven allows the People sure a Power  
To chuse such Kings as shall not them devour:  
They know full well what best will serve themselves,  
How to avoid the dang'rous Rocks and Shelves.

Unthinking *Israel*! Ah henceforth beware  
How you entrust this faithless Wanderer!  
He who another Kingdom can divide,  
May set your Constitution soon aside,  
And o'er your Liberties in Triumph ride.  
Support your Rightful Monarch and his Crown,  
But pull this Proud, this croaking Mortal down.

Proceed, my Muse; the Story next relate  
Of *Keppch* the Imperious Chit of State,  
Mounted to Grandeur by the usual Course  
Of Whoring, Pimping, or a Crime that's worse;  
Of Foreign Birth, and undescended too,  
Yet he, like *Bentir*, mighty Feats can do.

May he still keep his well-deserv'd State,  
 His Faithful Service on Great *NASSAU* wait,  
 Whose grateful Badge upon his Breast he wears,  
 No Antient Title from our Roll he tears.  
 Was e'er a headstrong People thus befooled?  
 Was ever *Isra'l* thus by *Isra'l* gull'd?  
 Ye *Jewish* Nobles think upon your Race,  
 What Badges did your Antient Fathers grace;  
 That *Jewry* ne'er had better Times than when  
 Virtue stept foremost to Enoble Men.  
 To Chivalry when e'er you have recourse,  
 Let Faction's *Ass* supply the Place of *Horse*.  
 Why should you not your Antient Honours own,  
 And shew you can't by Strangers be out-done?  
 Your wonted Courage you may reassume,  
 And to assert your Rights you may presume;  
 But if from other's Heads you Laurels tear,  
 Will it be thought you Generous Noble's are?

Second, my Wife; the story next relate

Of *James* the Impetuous Son of State;

Murder'd to *Grandeur* by the usual Course

Of Whoring, Ripping, or a Crime that's worse;

Of *Foreign Birth*, and undecor'd too,

**T H E E N D.**

Yet he like *Bowen* mightily fears can do.

He robs our Treasure, to augment his State;  
And *Jewish* Nobles on his Fortunes wait :  
Our ravish'd Honours on his Shoulder wears,  
And Titles from our Antient Rolls he tears.  
Was e'er a prudent People thus befooled,  
By upstart Foreigners thus basely gull'd ?  
Ye *Jewish* Nobles, boast no more your Race,  
Or sacred Badges did your Fathers grace !  
In vain is Blood, or Parentages, when  
Ribbons and Garters can ennoble Men.  
To Chivalry you need have no recourse,  
The gawdy Trappings make the Ass a Horse.  
No more, no more your Antient Honours own,  
By slavish *Gibeonites* you are outdone :  
Or else your Antient Courage reassume,  
And to assert your Honours once presume ;  
From off their Head your ravish'd Lawrels tear,  
And let them know what *Jewish* Nobles are.

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*T H E E N D.*